



T H E
FEMALE MORALIST.



(Price ONE SHILLING.)

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THE MORALIST.

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(Price One Shilling.)

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FEMALE MORALIST.

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P O E M.



*O Woman! Lovely Woman! Nature made you,
To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.*

OTW. VEN. PRES.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the *Golden-Lion* in *Ludgate-Street*; and
R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-Mall*.

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T H E

FEMALE MORALIST.

P O E M.

.....

O Woman! I would I could
To temper Mine: We had been Borne without you.

Angels and fairies fair to look like you.

There's in you all that we believe of Heaven's

Admiring Brightness, Purity, and Truth,

Heavenly Joy, and everlasting Love.

OTW. VEN. PRESS.

L O V E



Printed for J. Robinson, at the ... in London ... and ...
R. DODD, at the ... in Pall-mall.

Messrs.

THE A R G U M E N T.

THE Author addresses this Poem to a particular Friend of his, under the borrow'd Name of PYLADES, who at present is supposed to reside in a foreign Country. He tells him, that the Beauties of distant Places, form'd only by the Heat of Imagination, were the chief Causes of his preferring the Fatigues of travelling, to an indolent Life at home.

From hence he takes Occasion to describe the Beauties of those Places through which he pass'd; but more particularly, the flowery Banks of the River AVON, where Nature seems to have lavish'd all her Treasures on that lovely Spot. In the midst of his Admiration, the unexpected Form of a blooming Virgin, who had retir'd from the Noise and Confusion
of

THE ARGUMENT.

of the World to this second Paradise, presented herself to his Sight. Struck with her uncommon Charms, he addresses her as a Deity, for which she reproves him; and having convey'd him to her Place of Retirement, which he describes, she there expatiates upon the Vanity of the Pursuits of Mankind; and concludes from just Reasoning, THAT THE MORAL MAN CAN BE ONLY HAPPY.

THE

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T H E

FEMALE MORALIST.

THY furrow'd Brow, my PYLADES, unbend,
And grant one Moment to an ardent Friend;
A *Friend*, whose Soul beats high with strong Desire;
For *thee*, for *Virtue*, glows the gen'rous Fire.
So sighs the little Mourner of the Grove,
From Bough to Bough she seeks her absent Love:
Fruitless she wanders thro' the silent Glade,
And seeks the *False-one* under ev'ry Shade.
To this, to that, she meditates to fly;
Grief at her Heart, and Anguish in her Eye.

But haste! The *fiery Coursers* wing their Way
With rapid Wheels, and bear upon the Day:
Then gently guide my Bark along the Shore,
And teach me how to sing what Gods adore.

In that soft Season, when the Fancy strays,
With wild Desires, and casts its warmer Rays;
When with impetuous Speed the youthful Blood,
Rolls through the Channels in a wanton Flood:
’Twas then the fair *delusive* Goddess play’d;
Her golden Locks were bound with Silver Braid;
Her purple Robes flow’d down in loose Attire,
And ev’ry Feature quicken’d with Desire.

“ My Son, says she, to those soft Bow’rs repair,

“ Where Gods, and Men like Gods, adore the FAIR :

“ To my Instructions strict Attention give,

“ I’ll guide thy Paths, and teach thee how to live.”

Struck with her smooth Address and blooming Sight,
 Strait through the pathless Deep I took my Flight:
 For four long Days I cut the liquid Plain,
 And plow'd the Surges of the sounding Main:
 But on the fifth, *fair* AVON's Stream appear'd,
 Her verdant Herbage and her lowing Herd.
 Here, the kind milky Mothers of the Field,
 Their creamy Stores in great Abundance yield:
 Here, the Carnation and the bashful Rose,
 Their Virgin-blushes to the Morn disclose:
 Here, painted Pancies edge the murm'ring Streams,
 And ev'ry Mead with fragrant Plenty teems.
 Here, as by Chance along those Banks I rov'd,
 Unconscious what I thought, or what I lov'd;
 A Virgin-Form presented to my View,
 Whose crimson Vestments swept the pearly Dew:

Her flowing Hair in waving Ringlets twin'd,
 The Sport of Breezes and the am'rous Wind :
 A Gold Brocade her snowy Shoulders spread,
 And Heav'nly Radiance glitter'd round her Head :
 Her Form bespoke her more than human Race,
 She seem'd the ruling Goddess of the Place.

“ O, Daughter of immortal Jove ! I cry'd,
 “ Whether thou rul'st the Ocean's angry Tide,
 “ Or if the Sov'reign of the spacious Air,
 “ Approach, and listen to a Mortal's Pray'r.”

I paus'd ; when thus the beauteous Nymph replies :

“ Presumptuous Man ! Give not, what Heav'n denies :
 “ Let Jove alone your pious Thoughts inspire,
 “ Nor tempt the Wrath of Heaven's avenging Sire.”

She blush'd, and turn'd her glowing Cheek aside,
 To whom in gentle Words I thus reply'd :

“ Blame

“ Blame not, *fair Excellence*, the pious Fault,
 “ But say, Man’s not as perfect as he ought.
 “ In vain can Reason dart her brightest Ray,
 “ While Clouds and lowring Mists obscure our Way.
 “ Then on a Stranger look with gen’rous Care;
 “ *For Pity is a Virtue in the Fair.*

“ To great AUGUSTA now I speed my Way,
 “ Where Pleasure dwells, and every Month is *May*;
 “ Where pompous Works on stately Columns rise,
 “ And hide their shining Orders in the Skies;
 “ Where Silver *Thames* rows with majestic Pride,
 “ And brings up *India*’s Treasures on her Tide;
 “ Where Wisdom ever spreads her sacred Wings,
 “ The Work of Ages, and the Seat of Kings.
 “ Then, *fair Protectress of the Virgin Train*,
 “ Let not a Stranger ask, and ask in vain:

- “ But tell me, I conjure thee by the Gods,
 “ What Path leads nearest to these blest Abodes?”
 “ Thy Views are false, replied the blooming Maid;
 “ In quest of Pleasure Men have blindly stray’d:
 “ *Lost and bewilder’d in the fruitless Toil,*
 “ Misfortunes are the Harvests of their Soil.
 “ For but to few, to very few is giv’n,
 “ To search out Truth, and scan the Ways of Heav’n.
 “ Not far from hence I have a cool Retreat,
 “ Fenc’d from the blasting Winds and scorching Heat:
 “ Thither, O Stranger, let us both retire;
 “ I’ll teach thee what to shun, and what desire.”

Pleas’d with the courteous Offer of the *Fair*,
 Strait to the verdant Shade we both repair.

Now

Now, Muse, describe the gay enamell'd Scene,
 Swell the big Thought, and loosen ev'ry Rein :
 What first, what last, presented to my View,
 The spreading Poplar or the sable Yew ?

First at the Gate two beauteous Cherubs stood,
 To guard the Entrance to this fragrant Wood :
 In *vegetable Life* they ever bloom,

A Silvan Guard! and cast a sweet Perfume.

Next *chaste Diana* opens to my Eyes,

And from the Shade *Acteon* seems to rise :

The *Virgin-Huntress* drives the am'rous Swain

In *laurel'd Chace*, and hunts him o'er the Plain.

On either Side a silver Fountain play'd,
 Supplied each Plant, and murmur'd thro' the Glade :
 Of Thyme and spicy Balm a verdant Seam,
 With twisted Arms enclos'd the glassy Stream :

While large grown Trees stood nodding from above,
 And seem to wonder at their Kindred Grove;
 Whose blushing Fruit in thick'ning Clusters fold,
 Bend the strong Boughs, and ripen into Gold.

Here, when the Sun mounts up the Eastern Road,
 And pours his golden Treasures all abroad;
 The feather'd Songsters stretch their tuneful Throats,
 While Echo beats responsive to their Notes.

From hence, my PYLADES, thy Eye convey,
 To the fair Offspring of the genial Day:

Here the chaste Lillies rear their Silver Heads,
 And crimson Tulips quit their drowsy Beds.

There the Carnation rises to the Light,
 Unveils her snowy Breast, and charms the Sight.

Just as a female Artist skill'd to shade

In various Fancies the well-wrought Brocade;

Here

Here, Trees and sumptuous Palaces arise;
 There, Rocks and Herds attract the gazing Eyes;
 While silver Streams in green Meanders steal,
 And seem to whisper Murmurs thro' the Vale.
 Thus Nature spread her smiling Influence round,
 And scatter'd Fragrance o'er the blooming Ground.

From hencethe Nymph my wand'ring Steps convey'd,
 Where Vines and Myrtles wove a trembling Shade;
 Thro' which in wild Disorder Tendrils shoot,
 Whose leafy Honours hide the yellow Fruit:
 Here, two large Elms in strict Embraces twine,
 Embrown the whole, and make the Place divine;
 Whose shady Branches form a green Alcove,
 For Contemplation, and for sacred Love.
 Hither, the chaste EMILIA, ev'ry Day,
 Unlike our *modern Ladies*, came to pray;

Not for the fading Features of a Face,
 A fair Complexion, or a smiling Grace:
 Her Thoughts to nobler Prospects are confin'd,
The nobler Prospects of a virtuous Mind.

Thus thro' the whole my wand'ring Fancy stray'd,
 Admiring all, but more the *blooming Maid*:
 Her Charms encreas'd the Beauty of the Scene,
 More lovely by her Virtue lodg'd within.

'Twas now the Hour when panting Herds forsook
 The thirsty Meadow, for the cooling Brook;
 And languid Swains from roasting *Sirius* fled,
 To seek the Covert of some friendly Shade.
 When thus the *Nymph* in Wisdom's Beauty shone,
 Confess'd superior Virtue, and begun:

“ 'Tis now three Years, by Love of Virtue fir'd,
 “ Since I forsook those Toys, by Fools admir'd;
 “ Despising

“ Despising all the Pageants of a State,
 “ For the calm Pleasures of this sweet Retreat.
 “ Not all the golden Tides of Wealth, that crown,
 “ With inexhausted Heaps, AUGUSTA’S Town;
 “ Tho’ Bribes were heap’d on Bribes, in number more
 “ Than Dust on Plains, or Sands along the Shore,
 “ Can purchase half those tranquil Joys which dwell,
 “ Within the Compass of this narrow Cell.
 “ Once too I thought, by specious Notions led,
 “ That all were Brilliants which the Fancy fed;
 “ That Joys sincere, and Happiness alone,
 “ Were the Companions of the noisy Town,
 “ And hover’d only round the glitt’ring Throne.
 “ Delusive Thought! But let us now survey
 “ The different Motives which our Bosoms sway;
 “ We’ll see that true Contentment is confin’d,
 “ To the small Compass of the *virtuous Mind*.

- “ First then, the Statesman with a curious Eye
 “ Observe, how like a God he passes by ;
 “ Of powder’d Slaves behind full half a Score ;
 “ The *Mace* and *Fasces* stalking on before :
 “ *Magnific Sight!* But let us change the Scene,
 “ And nicely view this *happy Man* within.
 “ What Cares, what direfull Ills the Wretch inclose!
 “ What frightful Spectres break his soft Repose!
 “ Such fatal Joys avert, ye *guardian Pow’rs* ;
 “ And crown my future Life with happier Hours.
 “ But why will wretched Mortals strive to grasp
 “ The stinging Serpent, and the pois’nous Asp?
 “ Why will they headlong to the Quarry run,
 “ And think each Hour an Age to be undone?
 “ Vain wretched Man! From hence proceeds the Cause,
 “ Why thus you turn the Scheme of Nature’s Laws;
 “ For

“ For true Contentment giddily you roam,

“ Searching abroad for that which dwells at Home.

“ Then seek not Bliss among the splendid Train;

“ Their Lot is Sorrow, and their Portion Pain;

“ But wisely shun the false fallacious Joy;

“ The tempting Bait is meant but to destroy:

“ Deep in the Soul a rankling Poison leaves;

“ Smiling it wounds, and flatt’ring it deceives.

“ Then let us search through other Scenes of Life,

“ And try who’s happy, who’s exempt from Strife,

“ We’ll find, where Pleasures chiefly seem to flow,

“ One universal Heap of Grief and Woe:

“ For no superior Rank, no high Degree,

“ From the contagious Taint of Sorrow’s free.

“ But then you madly place the golden Scene,

“ Amid the empty Noise of Courts and Men.

E

“ Alas!

- “ Alas! you don’t perceive the endless Cares,
 “ The open Dangers, and the secret Snares;
 “ The Malice which the vengefull Foe intends,
 “ And the more dang’rous Love of seeming Friends.
 “ There struts the *Atheist* with unhallow’d Pride,
 “ His fav’rite Nonsense ever at his Side;
 “ The Wretch, of Heav’n accurs’d, points out the
 “ Road,
 “ And tells you how to temn the Ways of God.
 “ Audacious Precepts! But, YOUNG MAN, beware,
 “ The secret Falshood, and the tinsel’d Snare:
 “ Early instruct thy youthfull Steps to shun
 “ Those mortal Paths, by which the Fool’s undone.
 “ But *Hentley* rules not with *despotic* Sway;
 “ For there are *Knaves* tho’ in a diff’rent Way.
 “ The solemn Courtier in his gilt Landau
 “ Joggs gently on; for *Great ones* move but flow:
 “ He

“ He scarce in public will salute his Brother: ”

“ But when in private --- *for they know each other:* ”

“ In private oft the hellish Scheme contrive, ”

“ To catch the honest Patriot: Thus they thrive: ”

“ This gives an Equipage; for, by their Leaves, ”

“ The honest Man is but the Tool of *Knaves*. ”

“ The Doctor too accosts you with Grimace, ”

“ And swears a Rheumatism is your Case: ”

“ He says, his Recipe will do you Good, ”

“ Then breathes a Vein, and draws a little Blood: ”

“ He proves the dubious Point from *Galen's* Rules; ”

“ And thus *Health's Haberdasher* gulls his Fools. ”

“ From hence to WESTMINSTER convey your Eye, ”

“ Where Deeds, and Laws, with Briefs promiscuous lie: ”

“ Where sacred Justice rears her awful Head, ”

“ And sternly frowns the perjur'd Villain dead. ”

“ There

- “ There the *wise Chymist*, with an Art divine,
 “ Extracts his Clients Purse, and draws him fine;
 “ *Cordial Advice* the *honest Man* affords;
 “ You give him Money, and he gives you—WORDS.
 “ But if you fee him at a double Rate,
 “ He’ll prove your Title to a large Estate;
 “ With wond’rous Eloquence your Rights maintain,
 “ And gravely tell you, ‘ *Sir, the Thing is plain.*’
 “ But if your Case is difficult, approach
 “ The ermin’d Sage, who rides in gilded Coach;
 “ Give him the Fee with but *becoming Grace*,
 “ Fear not, he’ll know you in a *proper Place*.
 “ The *Merchant* too gets up before the Sun,
 “ To lend at Cent. per Cent, and so goes on,
 “ Thus pregnant Villanies will still abound,
 “ Each cheats his Brother, so the Cheat goes round.

“ Then

" Then who is happy? Who can justly say
 " These few, these golden Words, I LIV'D TO-DAY?
 " TO LIVE, is not to draw the vital Air,
 " Or Fortune's bounteous Favours largely share:
 " 'Tis to be VIRTUOUS, 'tis to keep within
 " The Soul, that nobler Organ, free from Sin;
 " To pay due Homage to th' Almighty Pow'r,
 " And wait intrepid for the solemn Hour:
 " That, when the wounded Marble shall declare
 " Your mortal Part to be intombed there
 " It may this golden Truth with Justice say,
 " *Here lies the Form of one, WHO LIV'D A DAY.*

" Some may deceive you with external Shew,
 " A shining Equipage, a gilt Landau;
 " With Conquests heaped upon the Victor's Head,
 " Or the soft Pleasures of the nuptial Bed:

“ Mere baseless Joys! a flatt’ring Dream of Gold!
 “ The Sport of Winds! A Toy! A Tale that’s told,
 “ This great, this happy Man, if Fortune frowns!
 “ May ride a Slave behind the Coach he owns:
 “ He, who, to Day, comes glitt’ring from the War,
 “ May walk, to morrow, at the hostile Car
 “ In Chains inglorious; or may bite the Plain,
 “ An undistinguish’d Corse, among the Heaps of Slain.
 “ Your blooming Wife, the Partner of your Joy,
 “ Your peaceful Hours may serve but to destroy:
 “ May, in despite of thee, give up her Charms
 “ To the Possession of some Rival’s Arms.

“ Thus, thro’ the various Parts of Nature run,
 “ From *Asia’s* Kingdoms, to the setting Sun;
 “ This you will find to be alone confess’d,
 “ *The Man of Virtue can be only blest*.”

So spake the *Fair*, when *Phæbus* nimbly roll'd
 Down the west Road, and lin'd the Sky with Gold:
 The *sable Goddess* drew the Veil of Night,
 And the *chaste Moon* pour'd out her silver Light.

But why, my *PYLADES*, why clos'd that Day?
 Why cou'd not envious *Phæbus* longer stay?
 Why cou'd I not, like *JOSHUAH*, have the Pow'r
 To stop the Lamp of Heav'n, but for an Hour?
 One happy Hour! 'Twou'd make me ever blest;
 For such a Soul ne'er warm'd a female Breast.

Who can behold *EMILIA*'s lov'ly Face,
 Her just Proportion, and each smiling Grace,
 Without the tender sympathizing Care,
 Of Love and gen'rous Friendship for the *FAIR*?
 When'er the Maid displays her Heav'nly Tongue
 In Praise Divine, the *Graces* tune the Song.

And

And if in wanton Chains the Swain is caught,

Yet sacred Beauty checks the rising Thought:

Her modest Blush his soft Request denies;

For Virtue is the Language of her Eyes.

But when the FAIR extends her distant View

To firmer Joys, and bids the World adieu;

Wrapp'd in the vast Idea, Fortune braves,

And scorns her, as the Lot of *Fools* and *Knaves*.

But hold! To raise EMILIA's Name in Song,
Can only to my PYLADES belong:

To him the fair CALLIOPE imparts

The secret Treasures of her Golden Arts:

She taught him first in Silver Notes to sing,

To charm the Ear, and touch the trembling String.

Then waft me, *Eurus*, to my natal Shore,

Where dwells my PYLADES; I ask no more.

With

With him my vent'rous Soul shou'd take its Flight;
 Thro' the dark Regions of the lonesome Night:
 Where PLUTO ever holds his dismal Reign;
 And guilty TYPHON shrinks beneath his Chain.
 Then softly blow, ye sweet enliv'ning Gales;
 And breathe serenely on my spreading Sails:
 So shall the Flocks, which WICKLEAN Mountains
 feed,

In blooming Garlands round thy Altars bleed.
 Or else, ye SYLPHS, by mortal Eye unseen,
 Who trip it lightly o'er the flow'ry Green,
 Convey your Shepherd to EMILIA's Grove,
 Where nothing dwells but Virtue, Truth, and Love.
 Ah, happy Grove! dark and secure Retreat
 Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal Seat:

How

How well your cool and unfrequented Shade,
 Suits with the chaste Retirement of a Maid!
 O! If kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,
 To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;
 All my Ambition I wou'd there confine;
 And only that Elysium shou'd be mine.

F I N I S.

